

MARVEL KNIGHTS®

MARVEL
PSR 3

DAVID

RAIMONDI

HENNESSY

REBER



MADROX™





JAMIE!

JAMIE, ARE YE THERE? DID AH JUST HEAR GUNFIRE?!?

JAMIE! SPEAK T'IME!



I'M HERE, RAHNE.

NICE TO HEAR YOU SO WORRIED, SINCE I'M A "MERE" DUPLICATE AND NOT THE ORIGINAL JAMIE MADROX.

OH, THANK GOD.

YOU'RE ALIVE, THAT'S GOOD ENOUGH. WHAT HAPPENED? DID SOMEONE SHOOT--?

YEAH, FORTUNATELY, THE NEW GLASS I INSTALLED WORKED.

IT'S REFRACTIVE. MAKES ME LOOK LIKE I'M TWO INCHES TO THE LEFT OF WHERE I AM.

MY LOUSY LUCK, THE SHOOTER'S AIM WAS OFF, SO I GOT GRAZED.



REFRACTIVE--? WHO USES REFRACTIVE GLASS?

DOC SAVAGE.



OH, FOR...

I'M COMING BACK THERE--



NO WAY. YOU'VE GOT YOUR OWN JOB. IT'S UNDER CONTROL HERE.

WILL THE ORIGINAL JAMIE SENSE YOU'VE BEEN ATTACKED, EVEN THOUGH WE'RE IN NEW YORK AND HE'S IN CHICAGO?

PROBABLY. HE'LL FEEL DIZZINESS, MAYBE EVEN BLACK OUT BRIEFLY. BUT NO MAJOR PROBLEM...UNLESS, Y'KNOW, HE FALLS INTO A POOL OR SOMETHING.

THE WOMAN'S NAME WAS SHEILA, SHEILA DESOTO. SHE'S ENGAGED TO A MAJOR CRIMINAL TYPE NAMED EDWARD VANCE...AND SHE WAS ON THE MIND OF A DUPE OF MINE WHO WAS STABBED NEARLY TO DEATH UNTIL I REABSORBED HIM.

I'VE COME ALL THE WAY HERE TO CHICAGO TO LEARN WHY HE WAS SO PREOCCUPIED WITH HER.

FOUND HER SWIMMING NAKED. A QUICK SEARCH REVEALED NO CONCEALED WEAPONS.

SHE THREW HERSELF AT ME. KISSED ME. CALLED ME JAMES. FELT NICE. FELT ADULT. FELT "NOIR."

THEN SOMETHING HIT ME, LIKE A BLACK-JACK INSIDE MY HEAD, AND NOW I'M HERE.

FLOATING. LIKE IN THE WOMB.

EXCEPT WITHOUT THE PROMISE OF LIFE.

DEAD DIRTY POOL



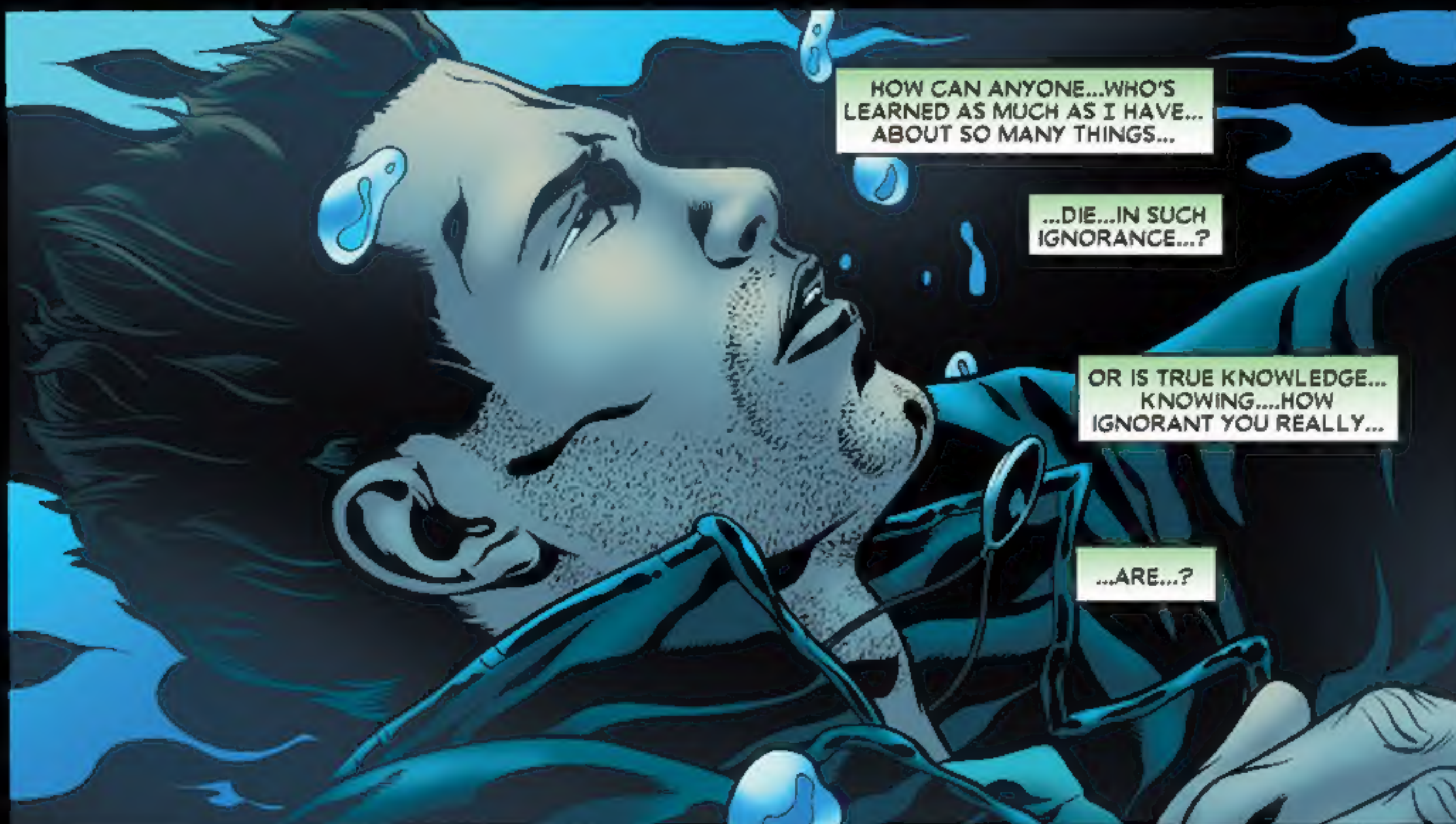


THEN I PICTURE SHEILA...
AND RELIVE MY POOR
DUPE'S LAST MOMENTS...

...AND SUDDENLY I MAKE UP
AT LEAST ONE OF MY MINDS,
WHICH IS ALL I NEED.



MIGHT BE...TOO LATE. LUNGS
BURNING...WORLD, IF THERE IS
A WORLD, SPINNING AWAY...



HOW CAN ANYONE...WHO'S
LEARNED AS MUCH AS I HAVE...
ABOUT SO MANY THINGS...

...DIE...IN SUCH
IGNORANCE...?

OR IS TRUE KNOWLEDGE...
KNOWING...HOW
IGNORANT YOU REALLY...

...ARE...?



AHHH
HUCHHHHHH!



GLUCKKE



FINGERS...
HOLDING ME...

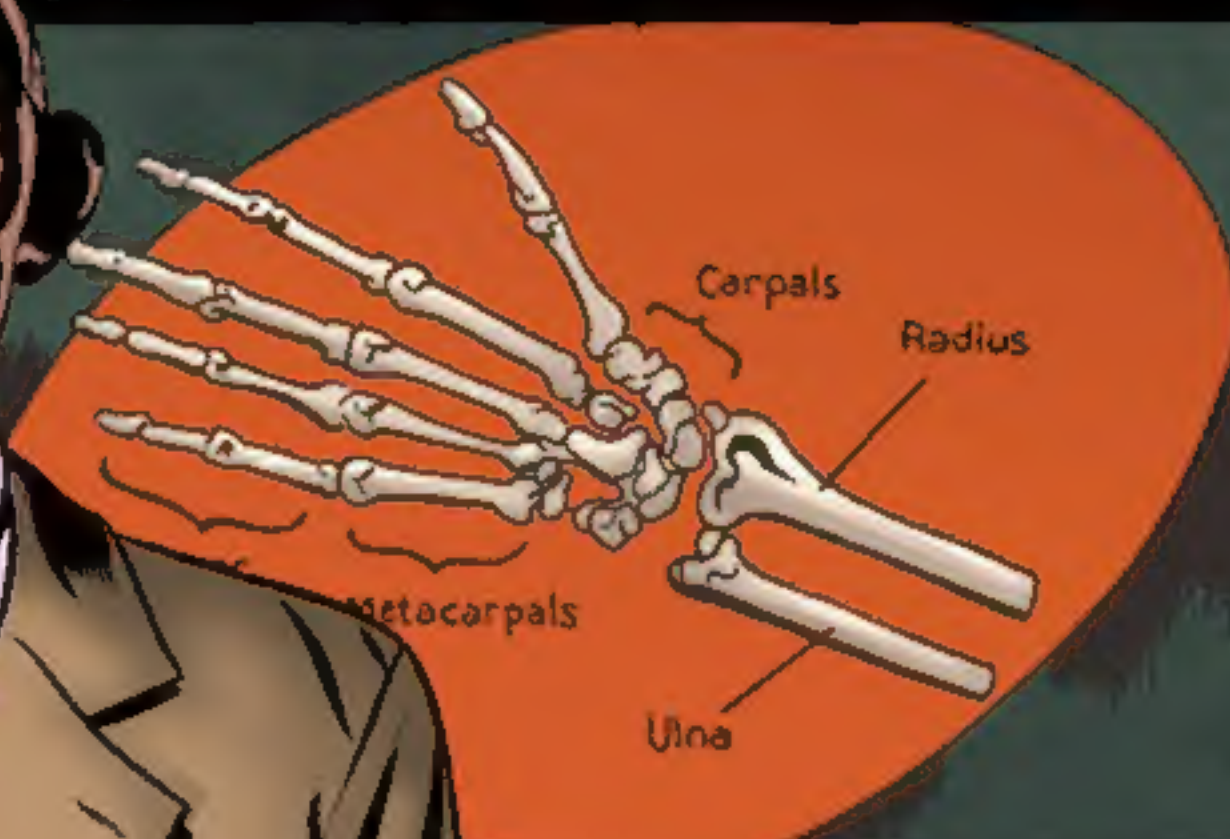
A DUPE...AUDITED
ANATOMY CLASSES
FOR SIX MONTHS...

...WHAT'D HE LEARN...
ABOUT FINGERS...?

THE HUMAN
HAND IS COMPRISED
OF TWENTY-SEVEN
BONES...

...FOURTEEN
PHALANGEAL BONES
BECOME THE FINGERS,
THREE BONES IN EACH
FINGER, TWO IN THE
THUMB...

...MOST EASILY
BROKEN ARE THE
LITTLE FINGER AND
RING FINGER...



BINGO...



...



EDDIE! OH, GOD, THANK YOU FOR NOT LETTING HIM--

SHUT UP, SHEILA.



THE ONLY REASON YOU'RE STILL SUCKING OXYGEN IS BECAUSE EVEN I HAVEN'T FIGURED OUT HOW MUCH TROUBLE YOU'RE IN YET.

TAKE THIS MADROX GUY AND SECURE HIM IN A SUPPLY CLOSET OR SOMETHING.

AND YOU! GET THAT HAND FIXED UP, AND THEN WE'LL TALK.

YES SIR.



YOU WANT TO TELL ME WHAT WAS GOING ON OUT HERE?

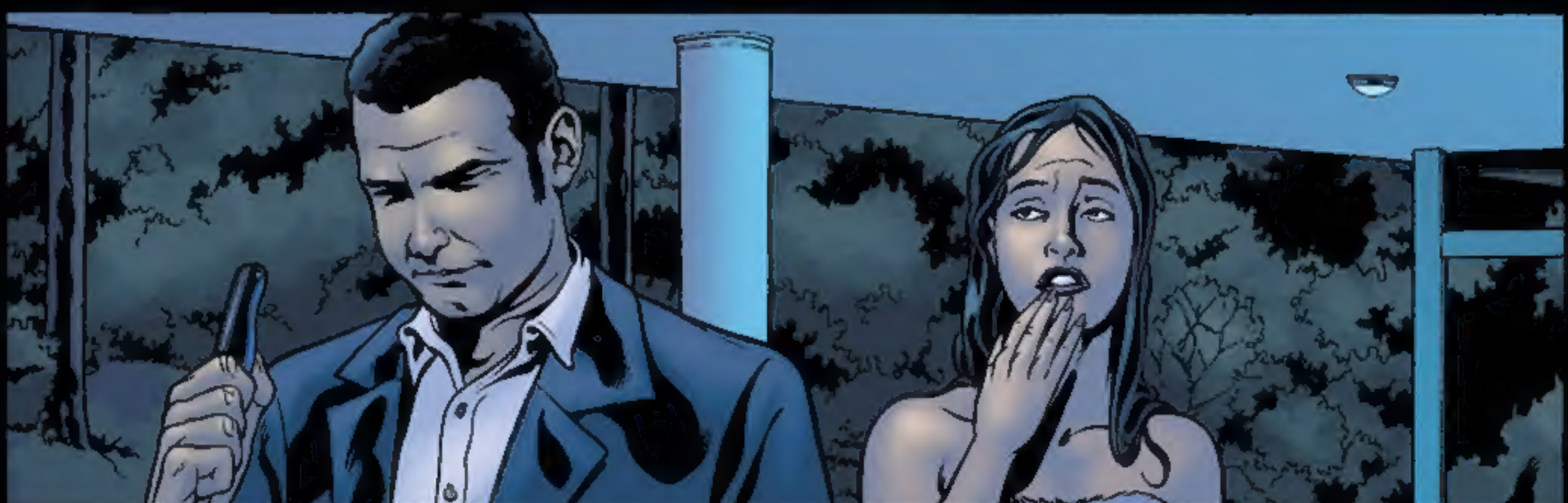
N-NOTHING! HE JUST...HE SURPRISED ME, THAT'S ALL.

AND YOU DIDN'T YELL FOR HELP.

HE...HE SAID HE HAD A GUN. I...



EDDIE, I SWEAR... NOTHING HAPPENED!







⊗ MUTANT TOWN,
NEW YORK CITY...

HUNH.
I CAN SEE HIM
ON THE FLOOR,
MOVING
SLIGHTLY...



...I
THINK I HIT
HIM...
BUT IT'S
HARD TO BE
SURE.

IF I GO
OVER THERE AND
HE'S PLAYING POSSUM,
I COULD BE WALKING
STRAIGHT INTO
A TRAP.



MIGHT BE
BEST TO WAIT
FOR A TIME...



WHA--?



TIME'S
UP.



NAME'S GUIDO.
GUIDO CAROSELLA,
FOLKS HEREABOUTS,
THOUGH...

...THEY CALL
ME "STRONG
GUY."

GUESS
WHY.



YOUR
DEODORANT
DOESN'T HOLD
UP?
JUST A
THOUGHT.





I LIVE A LIFE OF ANTICIPATION. EXPECT NOTHING, ANTICIPATE EVERYTHING.

I SEND MY DUPES HELTER-SKELTER, EVERYWHERE. NO RHYME, NO REASON.

STUDYING HORTICULTURE, OR THE EFFECTS OF FLUORIDE, OR BEING A CIRCUS CLOWN. Y'NEVER KNOW.

NOW WHAT...?

BROKE THAT GUY'S HAND...JUST AS I BLACKED OUT...

NOW IN THIS CASE, THAT SUMMER I SPENT IN VEGAS WITH PENN & TELLER AND RICKY JAY... THAT WAS USEFUL.



SO WHATTA WE GOT? A PEERLESS MODEL 700 CUFFS...



...AND PEERLESS MODEL 703 LEG IRONS.

PRETTY COMMON TYPE.



I COULD PRODUCE A DUPE TO HELP OUT, BUT HE'D SHOW UP WITH CUFFS ON HIM. NOT MUCH HELP THERE.



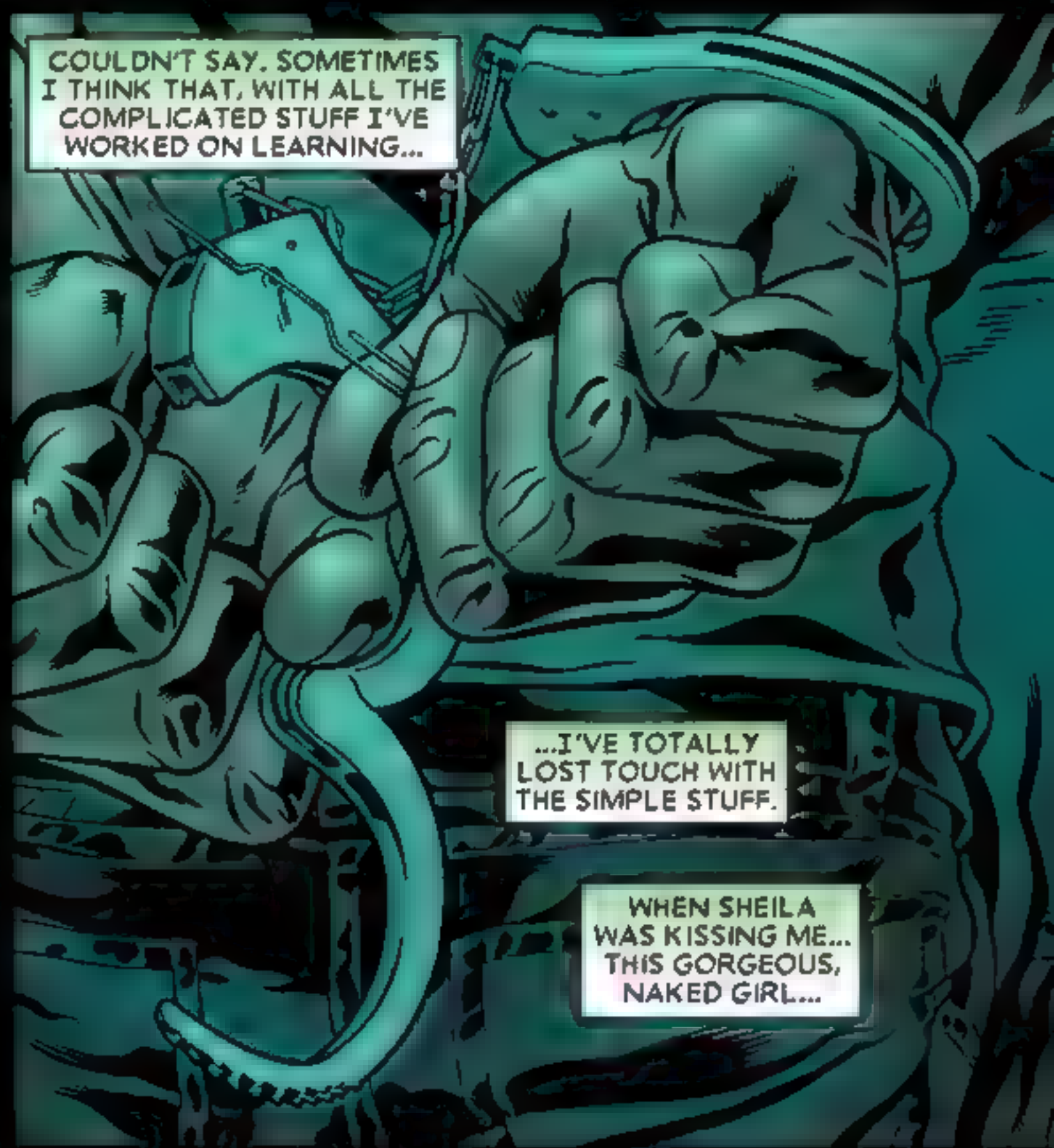
THERE WE GO.



—O LET'S SEE WHAT WE'VE GOT: A BAD GUY. A DAMSEL IN DISTRESS. AN INTREPID DETECTIVE.

I'M LIVING THE FILM NOIR LIFE JUST AS I WANTED.

AM I HAPPY?



COULDN'T SAY. SOMETIMES I THINK THAT, WITH ALL THE COMPLICATED STUFF I'VE WORKED ON LEARNING...

...I'VE TOTALLY LOST TOUCH WITH THE SIMPLE STUFF.

WHEN SHEILA WAS KISSING ME... THIS GORGEOUS, NAKED GIRL...



...IT'S NOT THAT I FELT NOTHING. I FELT EXCITED BY THE MOMENT...BY THE FACT THAT SHE WAS ATTRACTED TO ME.

BUT EMOTIONALLY I WAS...I DUNNO... DISCONNECTED.

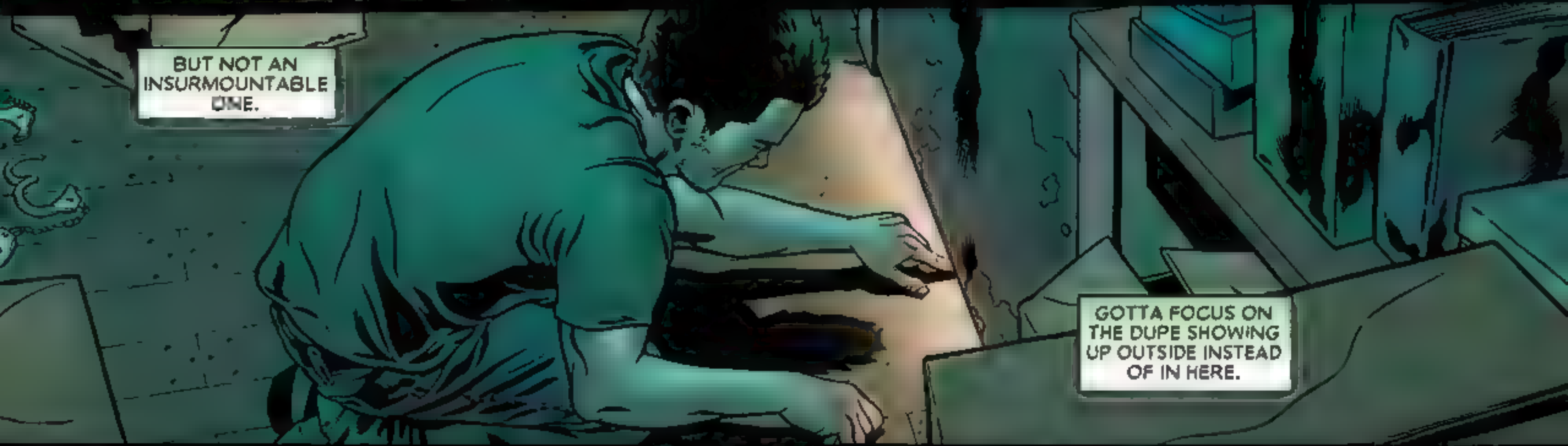
BECAUSE I KEPT THINKING, WELL, I COULD BE TURNED ON BY HER, OR NOT BE, OR LOVE HER, OR JUST FOOL AROUND...



...AND SINCE I COULD GO IN ALL THOSE DIRECTIONS...NO SINGLE ONE SEEMED MORE IMPORTANT THAN ANY OTHER.



DOOR'S LOCKED, AND THE LOCK'S ON THE OTHER SIDE. OKAY. A PROBLEM.



BUT NOT AN INSURMOUNTABLE ONE.

GOTTA FOCUS ON THE DUPE SHOWING UP OUTSIDE INSTEAD OF IN HERE.

OUTSTANDING!

THUMP

NOW
HURRY! OPEN
THE DOOR
AND LEMME
OUT.

YOU
THERE?

EVERYTHING
OKAY? WHY AREN'T
YOU LETTING ME
OUT?

WHAT'S
THE POINT IN
LETTING YOU
OUT?

WHAT'S
THE POINT OF
ANYTHING?

AW LORD.

ROOM

YOU
WERE THINKING
IT YOURSELF.

STAY OUT
OF MY HEAD,
WOULD'JA?

YOU'RE
KIDDING,
RIGHT?

YOU WERE
THINKING ABOUT HOW
NOTHING MATTERS. YOU
WERE RIGHT. SO REALLY,
WHY LET YOU OUT OF
THERE? IT DOESN'T MAKE
ANY DIFFERENCE...

OKAY, OKAY, I
WAS THINKING THAT,
BUT IT WAS MIXED IN
WITH ALL KINDS OF
OTHER STUFF IN MY
HEAD.

BUT THEN
YOU POP OUT, AND
MY LUCK, YOU'RE JUST
ONE ASPECT OF WHAT'S
ON MY MIND, AND ALL
YOU CAN THINK IS THAT
NOTHING MATTERS. YOU'RE
JUST "DISTILLED DOWNSIDE."
YOU DON'T HAVE ANY
MITIGATING FACTORS
IN YOUR HEAD.

WHAT
"MITIGATING"
FACTORS?

WELL, SUCH AS
THAT THE LONGER
I'M STUCK HERE, THE
MORE DANGER I'M
IN.

BUT IF
NOTHING MATTERS,
WHY DOES EVEN
YOUR LIVING MAKE
A DIFFERENCE?

FOR THAT
MATTER, HOW COULD
WE NOT HAVE BEEN
ECSTATIC THAT SHEILA
WAS KISSING US?
ARE WE GAY?

RIGHT
NOW, I'M NOT
EVEN MILDLY
JOVIAL.

HEY,
MAX...



...YOU
HEAR VOICES IN
THE HALLWAY?



SERIOUSLY,
I'M NOT GAY.

WHY NOT? IF
NOTHING MAKES ANY
DIFFERENCE...

I NEVER
SAID THAT!

BUT YOU
THOUGHT
IT.

THERE'S
SHADINGS, FOR
CRYING OUT LOUD!
THERE'S--

UH-OH.



UH-OH?
WHAT'S "UH-
OH?"



HOW
DID YOU GET
OUT?

IT
DOESN'T
MATTER.

WE'RE GONNA
MAKE IT MATTER
IN A MINUTE,
Y'FREAK!

JUST A
HEADS-UP: IF YOU
HIT ME, IT'LL MAKE
MORE OF ME.

HOW 'BOUT IF
WE STRANGLE
YOU?

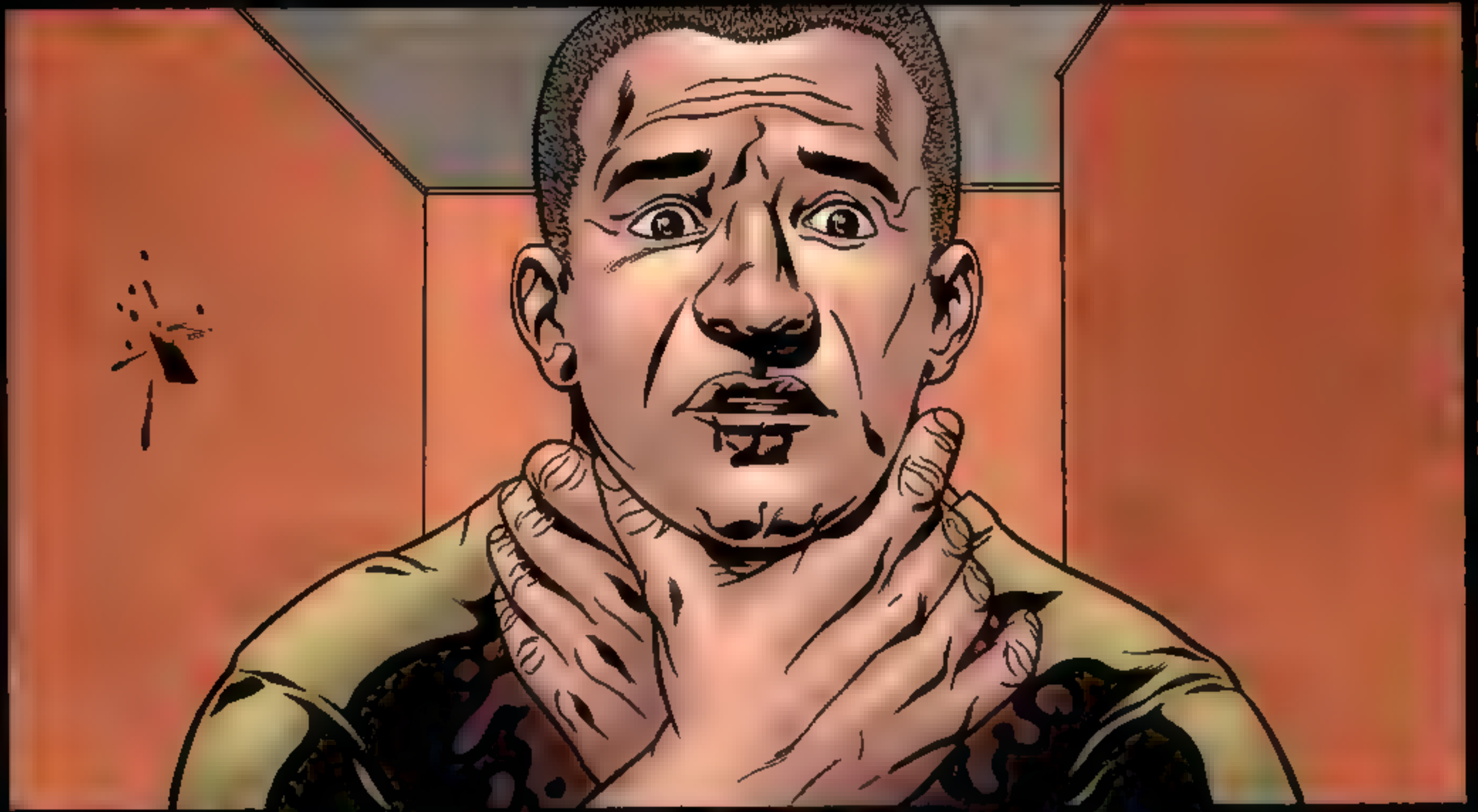
THAT'LL
WORK.

SHUT
UP!



I THOUGHT
WE LEFT HIM IN
HERE, HOGTIED!
SO WHO'S IN
HERE NOW?!?





⊗MUTANT TOWN...

YOU'RE
UNDER ARREST
NOW?

NOT OFFICIALLY.
JUST BEING
QUESTIONED.

WHAT ABOUT
OUR CLIENT?

Y'MEAN THE
WIFE WHO THINKS
HER QUADRIPLLEGIC
HUSBAND IS CHEATING
ON HER VIA ASTRAL
PROJECTION?

I'M TELLIN'
Y', JAMIE, THIS
WOMAN HAS ISSUES.
IT'S TH'MOST
SPECTACULAR
WASTE OF TIME
I...

MO
CHREACH!

WHO?

NOBODY!
I MEAN...

HE'S
DOING IT!
HE'S LEAVING
HIS BODY!

YOU CAN
SEE HIM?

IT'S
HAZY AND
INDISTINCT,
BUT IT'S
THERE.

NOW WHAT'S
HAPPEN--

JAMIE, I
LOVE Y' LIKE A
BROTHER, BUT
NOW I NEED YOU
T'SHUT UP.



SHUT UP, SHEILA.
BUT EDDIE, I WAS JUST...
I SAID SHUT UP. I HAVE TO TAKE THIS CALL.



INTERESTING. SHE CALLS HIM "EDDIE" AND ME "JAMES."

OKAY, ON SECOND THOUGHT, NOT SO INTERESTING.

WHAT'S THAT LANGUAGE HE'S SPEAKING...?

PLOKHO! OCHEN PLOKHO!

RUSSIAN. IT'S RUSSIAN.

MAN, MY DUPE HATED THAT YEAR AND A HALF IN MOSCOW. WANTED TO KNOW WHY HE COULDN'T BE THE ONE WHO WENT TO LEARN HAWAIIAN.



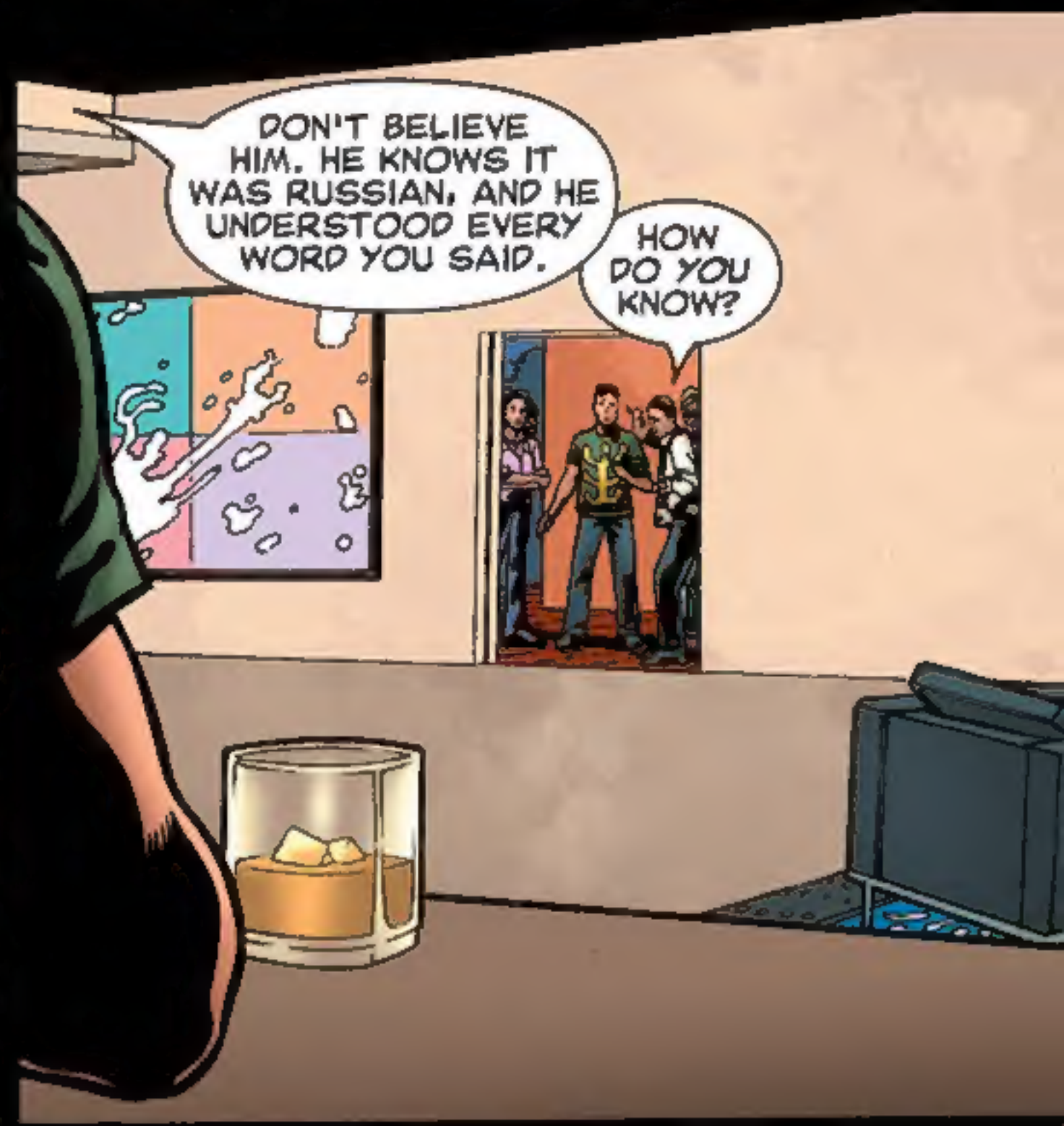
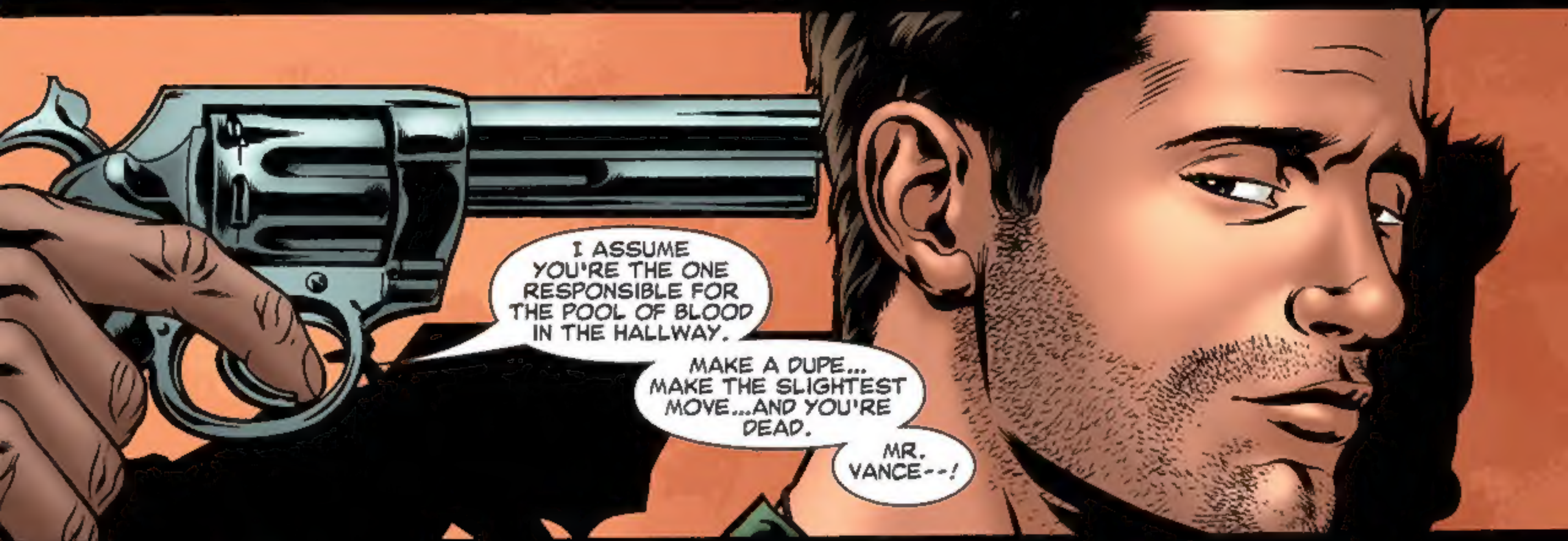
OKAY, COME ON. FOCUS ON WHAT HE'S SAYING. DON'T THINK ABOUT HAVING SHOVED THAT GUY'S BODY IN THE CLOSET OR KNOCKING HIS FRIEND COLD AND TOSSING HIM IN ALONG TOO.

DON'T THINK ABOUT THE BLOOD OR THAT YOU'RE PROBABLY GOING TO HELL NOW.

JUST HEAR THE WORDS.



HE'S TALKING ABOUT...THE PLAN? AND...MUTANTS? "THE MUTANT PROBLEM HAS TO BE ATTENDED TO. WE CAN'T PUT IT OFF ANY LONGER. IT'S GETTING OUT OF CONTROL."





BECAUSE
I UNDERSTOOD
EVERY WORD
YOU SAID.



ERGOZOOM

LOST
WITHOUT
TRACE

ARCHANGEL

G85

EMPIRE

DANGERPOWERS

NEVRRWHERE

CYPHER

ZONE

NEXT

THE GROUP

MEGAN

FAWKES

KINGPIN - EMPIRE

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